

## They Love To Shop But Women Do Not Always Expect To Keep What They Purchase

THE girl at the exchange desk in the department store took the bundle which the customer handed her, listlessly. "I want to return this blouse which I bought the other day," said the customer brightly. "I haven't even tried it on, for when I reached home I decided that I didn't like the lace on it, and so here it is."

The girl at the exchange desk, as impassive as the woodenest Indian that ever decorated the portal of a cigar store, opened the package without speaking and shook out the blouse. As she did so the glitter of something in its belt caught her attention. She looked closer. The something was a safety pin, and from the number of marks it had left the blouse had been worn more than once. Also there were spots, the evident result of wear, on the Georgieotte crepe



And as for that customer, murmuring something about putting that pin there when she was thinking about trying on the blouse, she accepted the package and went off with it somewhat furtively, and she was not so hardened a sinner but that her face flushed a bit.

The girl at the exchange desk looked after her malevolently. "It's her sort that has ruined my disposition," said she. "It is such as she that makes my position well-nigh unendurable."

The woman who was waiting for a credit check with a perfectly clear conscience due to the fact that she had merely returned a number 24 corset to get a number 18 in its place leaned toward her engagingly. "Tell me about it," she suggested.

At this invitation the victim of the disingenuousness of her sex spoke vehemently. "A lady came in here the

"You have worn this coat, haven't you?" I asked.

"Certainly NOT," she answered.

"I exhibited the glove and the other things. I found these in the pockets," I told her drily.

"Now how did they get there?" she asked with the finest assumption of surprise I ever saw. And then she thought for a moment. "Oh, I know," she cried. "My little girl must have been playing in my room and seeing the coat hanging in the closet must have slipped these things into the pockets."

"It was ingenious, but was it true?" asked the girl at the exchange desk. "Since the coat had not been hurt I took it back, but who knows how many chances for selling it we had lost in the two weeks it had been hanging in her closet. Then there was the case of the gown we sold recently and which came back after an absence of several days all right to outward seeming but with the label of a French dressmaker sewed into the belt inside the waist. Evidently madame at some period of her career had had a French gown and she had simply ripped the label out of it and put it into the new dress. Of course this did not prove that she had worn our gown, but the presumption was strongly in favor of that supposition. She was embar-

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

onions into quarters, put in a buttered baking dish, cover with a good cream sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread or cracker crumbs and put in the oven to brown.

Spinach is usually and properly cooked in the winter diet and strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are more ways of preparing it than by simply boiling it and serving it so. It too may be scalloped and gains greatly in deliciousness when prepared in this way. Boil the spinach and chop very fine, season with pepper and salt and put in a white sauce. Pour into a baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and put in the oven to brown. Or put spinach through a puree sieve and flavor highly with salt, pepper and a grating of nutmeg before re-heating. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

THAT stewed celery in a white sauce is as healthful as it is tasty. The young housekeeper thinks that winter has its culinary victories no less renowned than summer if only some interest is taken by the house caterer in making out attractive menus.

raised but not overcome when we pointed out the name of the French dressmaker which had been sewed over ours, and insisted that we take back the frock, nevertheless, which we did, being the most amiable firm on earth I verily believe.

"Women," said the girl at the exchange desk, "have two faults. They are capricious and they are forgetful. They buy things which they do not want because they know that the shops are generous in this matter of taking back, and then they haven't the cleverness to empty the pockets or take out the safety pins in the articles they return."

The girl at the exchange desk paused to take two Turkish towels from the hands of a newcomer and the customer, having received her credit check went on her way. Outside the door she met a dear friend. "Oh I've had such an exciting morning," said the friend joyously. "What I've been doing? Why I've been shopping. I've bought a scalloped skirt, and a pink evening gown, and a Fox bon, and four hats—"

"Who left you the fortune?" interrupted the friend rudely.

"Fortune," echoed the shopper. "Why my dear I'm not going to keep them. I just charged them to my account, you know, and I'll have lots of fun putting them on at home and seeing how I look in them and then tomorrow I'll send them all back again. I do love to shop."

## Made Herself a Sideboard So What Does It Matter That She Ruined a Pair of Hands

THE pretty young woman at the afternoon tea given in honor of a New Thought lecturer, took a sandwich off the plate presented to her by a maid, using her gloved hand and then looked ruefully at the stain the mayonnaise had made on the white kid fingers.

"Why don't you take them off?" asked a woman standing by, indicating the gloves.

"I couldn't no matter what happened, my hands are awful, you can't imagine," she answered mysteriously.

"Been picking?" inquired her neighbor.

"Worse than that," answered the gloved lady darkly.

"Been painting?"

"Worse even than that. I'll tell you the story. I hate to confess it but I've never really owned a sideboard that could be called a sideboard. The rest of our dining room furniture is lovely, all solid mahogany, Sheraton you know, but the sideboard was merely maple, mahoganyized and of hideous shape. A hollow sham and a great constant grief to me."

Her neighbor made a clucking sound expressive of sympathy.

"Sideboards cost enormously as you know, in fact the one which I found in an antique shop and longed for was \$350, and so it seemed as if I must go to the end of the chapter with a hideous Pretense as a buffer. Then I had an idea with a capital I. Long ago an aunt of mine had given me a huge chest of drawers. It was of solid mahogany with great claw feet, and I had been using it for my bed linen; had hidden it away in the packing room for it had not been done up since the year one and was in frightful shape. Still it was a very handsome piece of furniture disfigured as it was. Looking at it one day then an inspiration came to me. 'I'll make a sideboard of it,' said I.

The sacrifice to have my dining room furniture complete and not to have an irritating imitation piece always before my eyes."

Her neighbor's eyes were the glazed look of one in deep thought. "I'll do up my pie-crust table myself," she muttered, "why did I never think of it before."



It will cost \$100.00 to put it in a first-class condition," said he calmly.

## SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

ANY collar so it's high. And edged with fur. Helen of Troy would not have looked well in some of those shown but that will not keep ugly women from wearing them.

The effect of much of the neckwear is a sort of choked-until-purple-in-the-face.

It's no time for the short-necked woman.

An attractive compromise collar has a ruche of velvet flaring across the

back and sides of the neck but left open across the front and tied loosely by the little cording run through the edges of the ruche.

Great points which turn over under the ears are a pleasing variation in certain types of neckwear.

There are ladies who look like Henry, the Eighth in their ruches and who are doubtless as hot under their collars as he often was under his.

But however uncomfortable, the collar's the thing!

## Little Fables of the Business World

### He Couldn't Take a Joke

THERE was once a certain Young Man who was the very life of the Office, a regular Village Cut-Up. He could hide the Favorite Pen of old Grubben, the firm's ancient Bookkeeper, and extract more Mirth out of the Putting Search that followed than any one in the Office, though they all enjoyed it.

Of the whole Force, including the Boss, he was the only one for whom Freckles, the office boy, had any Respect. And Freckles kept both ears and eyes wide open and never turned his Back when Our Hero hove in sight. For Freckles realized that Eternal Vigilance was indeed the price of Safety.

Now, it chanced, this mirthful Young Man was pretty far gone on a certain Damsel who would some day come into a Fat Bank Roll, instead of merely extracting it from the Whore, as was desirable. Not that Our Hero took that into consideration, for he didn't. But it was kind of comforting to face the Facts once in a while.

The last day of October is known as Halloween, which is a Barbarous Occasion when the Small Boy comes into his Own almost Unmolested. Also, it seems, Grown-ups have a strange habit of Forgetting the Day and the Date and Venturing out-of-doors Recklessly. Wherefore, they often Get What is Coming to them.

And such was the Fate of Our Hero on a certain All Halloween Eve. As a boy, he would have considered it a Scram; but as a grown-up he thought



It Might Have Been Confetti But It Wasn't.

it an Outrage. Particularly since he was Attired in his Best.

He had just left the home of his Beloved, you see, at the last minute, and was Swinging jauntily down the street with his head in the Clouds, when suddenly it ran Smack-Dab into a Wire stretched across the Sidewalk at the Proper Height.

His new hat was soaked in the Solar Plexus and succumbed to the Blow. A second later something Soft hit him right between the Eyes. Moreover it Busted and Ran Down all over him, leaving a fine White Trail wherever it Passed. It might have been Confetti but it wasn't—it was Flour.

Just then, from out the Hedge-Fence came a series of Strange Noises that could be nothing in the world but more than One Boy trying to Laugh and Hold it Back at the same time.

Instantly Our Hero knew he was helping Celebrate Halloween. And instantly, too, he Jumped for the Hedge. He landed Square on the back of a Crouching Youngster. Another Lad broke through and Beat It. But Our Hero was too Mad to Mind. He yanked his Captive to his feet, Shook him until the Rattle of his Teeth would have satisfied any Ghost, Turned him Right-Around and Implanted a Swift Kick where it would Do the Most Good. All the while, of course, he was Saying Things right out loud.

But the Youngster didn't Run. He was Bawling alright, but he did manage to make himself Understood. And the burden of what he said was, "I'm gonn' tell my Sister on you—you Big Stiff! Wh-why don't 'ja kick somebody your own size!"

The Young Man looked and all but Swallowed his Adam's Apple. Then he tried to Square himself. But the Kid Brother couldn't see it. That Way at all. And he talked to Our Hero with mighty Loose Language. Then he dried his Tears on the Back of his Hand and Hotfooted it for Sister. He told her, too. And it wasn't a Censored Report, either.

The very next Morning, Our Hero called up Sister on the 'phone. She waited long enough to let him know that she Knew him and then Hung Up. He tried it again a Dozen times that morning, but her 'Phone might just as well have been Busy.

A Letter and a Floral Peace-Offering by Special Messenger were Sent Back via the same Son of Mercury.

And that evening the Butler informed him that Sister was Not at Home.

Little Brother, however, poked his head out the Parlor Window, Grinned, Thumbed his Nose and Guffawed.

Our Hero walked sadly away.

Moral: To appreciate Halloween you must be a Youngster, or have a Girl with no Kid Brother.

## The Townbreds and their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett

### A Halloween Party

THE Townbreds gave a Halloween party; and thereby had demonstrated to them that All Halloween Eve in the country can be made far more delightful than the city—provided there are no "city boobies" running around loose to start something they don't know how to finish. And this was the way it happened:

To prepare for the party was vastly more simple than in town. There were apples in abundance, right off the Townbreds' own trees. And as for chestnuts, why one simply walked out on the front lawn and picked them up for himself—by the handful, if one wished.

Tallow candles, with which to make spooky lights and to serve as beacons in a darkened room while in quest of one's "intended," were common articles of household use.

Pumpkins came from the field where the Townbreds had planted them among their corn; and yellow and red ears of field corn with the graceful, dried stalks formed most effective decorations.

Indeed, yes, it was a delight to give a Halloween party in the country! "Vivie," the colored cook, fairly outdid herself in preparation, with chicken salad, cider, hot rolls, pumpkin pie, home-made ice cream, old-fashioned molasses taffy, pop-corn and a dozen and one little "extras," as she called them.

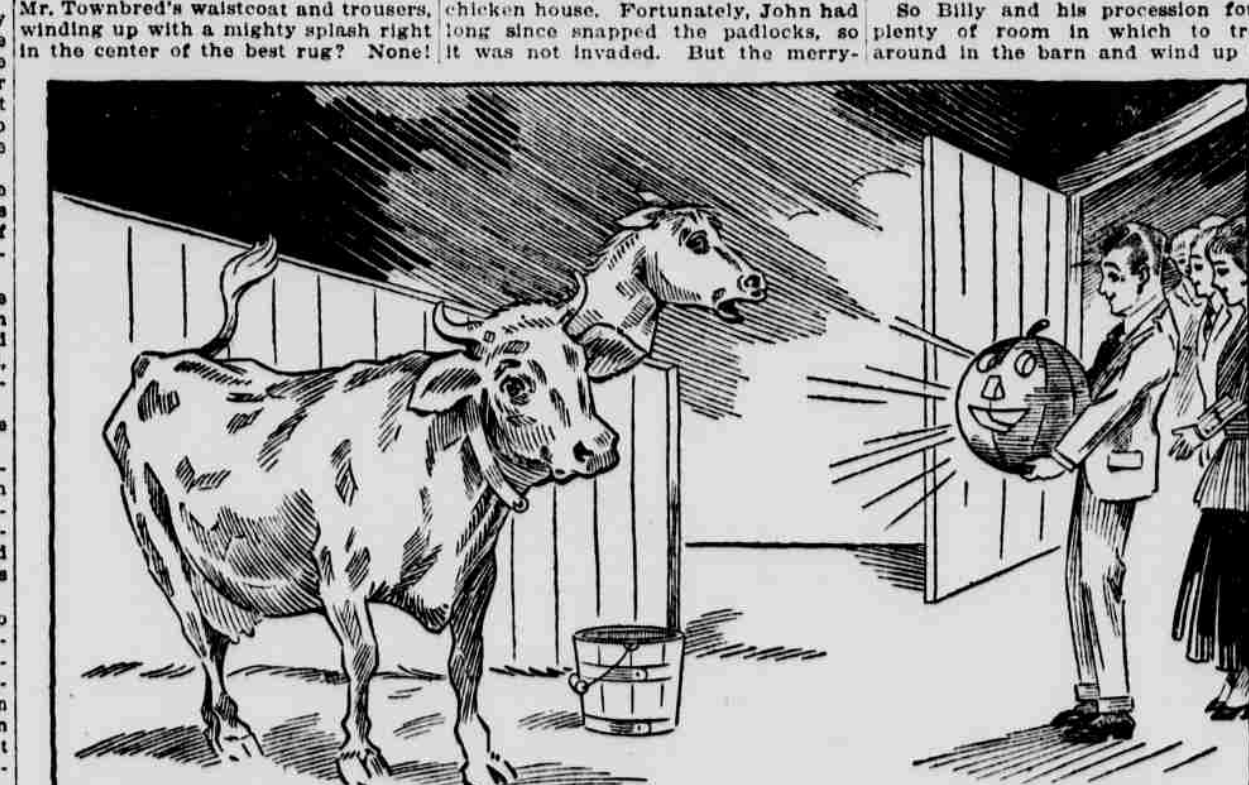
And John, her husband, lived up to his reputation as "a handy man in doors and out," for under Mrs. Townbred's direction he decorated the entire lower floor with shocks of corn and golden ears, trailing vines, autumn leaves and fat pumpkins hollowed out and made into gruesome jack-o'-lanterns.

The guests included a few of the most intimate of the Townbreds' neighbors, but most of them came from the city, for, if the truth be told, both Mr. and Mrs. Townbred were rather keen about proving to their city friends that country life was not entirely bleak and dreary and monotonous, as they were prone to imagine.

Among the number were Billy Tompkins and Mrs. Billy, the former the "funny man" of the employees of Mr. Townbred's firm. And he was a particular friend of Mr. Townbred; moreover, since it was entirely natural with him, he felt called upon more or less to be the "life of the party."

What need to describe the festivities—for they may be appropriately so labeled! Judging from the pranks and the merriment, it might well have been an assemblage of boys and girls. Every Halloween game that is a

stand-by was played, the large, rambling house lending itself admirably to stretches of the imagination in which ghosts and witches and spooks and hobgoblins hold high carnival. What if, in hobbling for apples, a little water did splash out on Mrs. Townbred's carefully waxed floors? And what difference did it make, also, if the bag of flour burst while being carried from the kitchen to the big table on which the "tests" were made and slid down Mr. Townbred's waistcoat and trousers, winding up with a mighty splash right in the center of the best rug? None!



Billy Opened The Door To The Boudoir Of Sukey and Bob And Stepped In.

—for wasn't it Halloween!—Along toward the middle of the evening Billy, the humorously bumptious husband of Mrs. Billy, felt called upon to make a suggestion. Now, his suggestions were always worth while; but, also, they were apt to prove dangerous, if not to life and limb, then at least to the pursuit of happiness, as Mr. Townbred well knew. But what could he do, since he was the host? Billy suggested that they all form a parade—with jack-o'-lanterns, tin pans and the cow bell as the requisite adjuncts—and "let the neighbors know it's Halloween!"

He suited the action to the word by grabbing a fat, candle-lit pumpkin in one hand and the bell in the other and starting out the front door. There was nothing to do but "follow your leader," so, with an awful dim marring the

makers managed to scare a number of its occupants out of seven weeks' growth and their tail feathers. Later it was found to have proved a most excellent deterrent of an even fair egg-yield for the next four days.

But little, of course, Billy and his cohorts from the city recked of that! And the Townbreds, naturally, could do naught but trail along and try to look as though they were enjoying it! Next, the pig-sty was located; and the pigs joined in the chorus with squeals of terror and indignation—until someone dropped the half of a busted jack-o'-lantern into the sty; whereupon said porkers fell to like the lusty trenchermen they were and, for the first time in their porcine lives, enjoyed music with their dinner.

Away off in the distance, too, from every quarter, the faithful watch-

dogs were voicing their interest and amazement at such "goings-on."

Of course it was Billy again who made the next suggestion. Rather, to be exact, he took it for granted it would meet with approval and flung wide the big double-doors of the barn. Fortunately, the Townbreds' auto was in the repair shop in the city, and John had left the buggy outside in the hope that a rainstorm might come along and obligingly wash it off.

So Billy and his procession found plenty of room in which to troop around in the barn and wind up the

He instantly stepped back again—a little bit—for, being a stranger in the country, he couldn't instantly recognize the nature of what had broken loose.

Bob, peaceful, staid, gentle old Bob, threw his head high in air, let out an ear-splitting screech and suddenly remembered that he hadn't entirely forgotten how to kick.

Sukey got one look at the weird jack-o'-lantern and must have decided forthwith that this was the Mysterious Something that always took her calves away from her when they were nine weeks old—for she stretched forth her neck and sent forth a blast that would have done credit to a Trans-Atlantic fog-horn.

Of course the rest of the guests—and the Townbreds—heard the "S. O. S." calls and came crowding into the doorway; which served to intensify the fears of Sukey and Bob.

Now, no doubt it was downright rude of Mr. Townbred to do so; but, all the same, took one look and dashed the jack-o'-lantern out of the amazed Billy's hands. Then he walked all over the lighted candles, presumably to avoid a fire but, if the truth be told, simply because he couldn't do it to Billy.

Mrs. Townbred intervened with an appropriate remark which brought a laugh and so covered up her husband's display of well-bred rudeness.

But Mr. Townbred took Billy aside and told him a few things about Sukey and Bob. "You country for mine, old scout—you can't even have a Halloween party without seeing that it won't keep the cows and the chickens awake—this isn't the life!"

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## To Wash Silk and Flannel Undergarments

CO wash the Italian silk underwear which so many women are now wearing, use cold water and any rub on the grease or stains, and wring out in a towel but do not twist. Pull lengthwise and lay flat to dry. Do not hang up and never let a hot iron touch it.

Equal care must be observed in washing the much more plebeian flannel. Among the DON'Ts for flannels are the following: Don't boil. It is unnecessary and hardens the fabric. Don't use a washing powder or compound. They frequently contain chlorine, which rots both the fabric and the sewing thread.

To wash flannels prepare a good suds of soft water—a little ammonia or borax can be added to advantage—soak the garment thoroughly, apply plenty of good soap to it direct to loosen up the grease or stains, and then rub on the washboard. After this rinse well in clean warm water to remove all traces of soap; pass through the wringer, then immediately lay flat on a table and while damp stretch to proper shape and hang up by the shoulders to dry.